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HOLIDAY 2013
FOR THE REST OF THE WORLD
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"It looked like he was wearing a hoodie and might be breaking into our home…
and I bet there's Skittles in that bag!"

HOLIDAY 2013
Volume 40 Number 9
HUSTLERMAGAZINE.COM

HUSTLER®

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HUSTLERMAGAZINE.COM

JUSTICE, NOT VENGEANCE

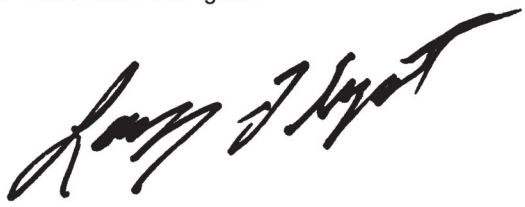
At press time, Joseph Paul Franklin—the serial murderer who confessed to shooting me in 1978—was scheduled to be executed in Missouri on November 20. People ask me if I'm glad to see him die. I confess, I do feel a certain amount of satisfaction at the idea. But that only confirms my view that capital punishment isn't justice; it's vengeance.

A government that forbids killing among its citizens should not be in the business of killing people itself. Its job is to protect its citizens. Once a threat such as Franklin has been removed from society and locked up for good, the government has done its job. Justice has been served.

The old argument that capital punishment acts as a deterrent to violent crime would be powerful if it were true. In 18th-century England, pickpocketing was a capital offense. As they hanged the condemned thieves in the town square, other pickpockets would work the crowd. I know of no better example to show that capital punishment is not a viable deterrent. To the present day there is still no conclusive proof to suggest otherwise.

Apart from the futility and moral hypocrisy, there is another powerful argument against capital punishment: It is estimated that since the 1970s at least 39 people in this country have been put to death despite compelling evidence that they may have been innocent. That alone should be reason enough for the United States to do what virtually every other developed Western nation has done: end state-sanctioned executions.

I have endured pain and suffering because of a single violent act perpetrated by a man I had never even met. But my steadfast opposition to capital punishment does not come from forgiveness or charitable feeling toward my would-be killer. It comes from common sense and the knowledge that granting any government the power over life and death ultimately does more harm than good.



Larry Flynt
Publisher

"That about sums it up. Good night."

THE COLOSSAL SUCKOUT

ROCK-SOLID PROOF THAT WE THE PEOPLE ARE BEING ROBBED WHILE UNCLE SAM LETS THE RICH GET RICHER.

Here's how it works: In America the so-called free market is a joke. What you have is a bunch of big-money types making out like bandits, hustling the government to cover their bad bets while the suckers they swindle with impunity are forced to go broke. Call it Crony Capitalism or State Socialism. The labels don't make a difference, but for the average person it just sucks.

For five years since the the fall of Lehman Bros. the federal government has been bailing out the banks that caused the biggest economic crisis since the Great Depression while ignoring the well-being of everybody else. In the past few years the Federal Reserve has been pumping $85 billion a month to buy toxic assets off the books of the biggest banks. These banks should have had no legal right to sell those phony mortgage-based derivatives in the first place, except for the fact their lobbyists got the rules changed to put their scams on the right side of the law.

But despite the federal government spending $12.6 billion of taxpayer money to bail out the banks that created the mess, it's only the wealthiest top 1% that reaped the rewards. In the most definitive recent study of income inequality, economists at the University of California, Berkeley and England's University of Oxford concluded that by 2012 the richest 1% had skimmed off an astounding 95% of the gains in income since the official end of the recession in 2009. Thanks to the government program that bailed out the richest while sacrificing the rest, the top 1% in 2012 acquired the biggest share of income since 1928, the last time greed ran amok and Wall Street imploded. In 2012 alone the income of the top 1% went up by 20% while that of the bottom 99% grew a lousy 1%.

In September 2013 the Federal Reserve Bank of Dallas published the report "How Bad Was It? The Costs and Consequences of the 2007-09 Financial Crisis." Three Fed analysts estimated that the recession cost Americans $6 trillion to $14 trillion—or the equivalent of $50,000 to $120,000 for every U.S. household. According to the Dallas Fed, "If the effects of the crisis are permanent, the path of consumption observed since 2007 suggests that the cost of the crisis may be more than double the $6 trillion to $14 trillion estimate." The report also noted that "U.S. household net worth plunged $16 trillion, or 24%, from third quarter 2007 to first quarter 2009" thanks to the collapse of the housing-derivative market Wall Street hustlers had concocted.

The Dallas Fed report concluded that the "total cost of the crisis easily exceeds the value of the nation's output for an entire year." It also pointed out that "four years after the recession is deemed to have ended, labor underutilization remains intractably high: 11.5 million people are unemployed and an additional 10.6 million are underemployed or frustrated."

The folks who are working are primarily holding down dead-end jobs, while the good jobs that once fostered a vibrant middle class are fast becoming extinct. Once highly respected made-in-the-USA companies such as General Electric have now outsourced two-thirds or more of their jobs abroad and pay little if anything in taxes. Yet they expect the U.S. government to come to their rescue with the country's enormously expensive military if their foreign operations get in trouble. They also expect to be bailed out, as the feds did with GE Capital, the banking subsidiary that produced upwards of 70% of GE's profits before the housing bubble exploded.

The taxpayers' funding for the corporations that got into trouble was not repaid, as their propaganda claimed, but instead was stolen from programs needed to improve the well-being of the citizenry. "Government funds allocated to fighting the effects of the crisis," the Dallas Fed report argued, "couldn't be spent on other items such as infrastructure and education that enhance the nation's capital stock—its productive capacity."

So there you have it, government by the rich and for the rich, and we still dare call America a free-market democracy. H

Before serving almost 30 years as a *Los Angeles Times* columnist and editor, Robert Scheer spent the late 1960s as Vietnam correspondent, managing editor and editor in chief of *Ramparts* magazine. He is now editor of **TruthDig.com**. His latest book is *The Great American Stickup: Greedy Bankers and the Politicians Who Love Them.*

AS A CONSERVATIVE, IT MAKES ME PROUD THAT THE REPUBLICAN PARTY HAS ALWAYS ENCOURAGED PEOPLE TO DO VOLUNTEER WORK IN THEIR COMMUNITIES!
OF COURSE, REPUBLICANS LOVE IT WHEN PEOPLE WORK FOR FREE!
J. Bilstein

"I promise to repeal Obamacare! I promise to end Big Government spending! I promise to never raise taxes! I promise I won't come in your mouth!"

TOPPLE THE KING

A PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES WHO TRASHES THE CONSTITUTION SHOULD FACE THE MUSIC.

I do solemnly swear that I will faithfully execute the Office of President of the United States and will to the best of my ability preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States." Since becoming America's 44th President, Barack Obama has repeatedly scorned that sacred oath.

Our Founding Fathers risked their very lives to create a new nation in which no one branch of government—namely the executive, legislative or judicial—would have unlimited authority over the others. Tell that to the despot now occupying the White House, who seems to think of himself as "King Obama."

In a *Wall Street Journal* op-ed, Michael W. McConnell—a law professor and former federal judge—pointed out: "Article II, Section 3, of the Constitution states that the president 'shall take Care that the Laws be faithfully executed.' This is a duty, not a discretionary power. While the president does have substantial discretion about *how* to enforce a law, he has no discretion about *whether* to do so."

President Obama has habitually disagreed. Wielding the hammer of the State Secrets Privilege, he has prevented certain legal cases reflecting badly on his regime from even being heard by a judge. With other cases he has interpreted certain laws his way because, after all, he can say, "I won the election." Twice.

Meanwhile, Obama continues to disregard Americans' Constitutional right to privacy even in the wake of Edward Snowden's NSA revelations. And how do you connect Obama's favorite antiterrorism weapon—killer drones targeting American citizens—to the Constitution? Or the torture being carried out in still-secret prisons? How on Earth did this politician, whom I justifiably call un-American, get reelected?

One of Obama's dictatorial victories was passage of the National Defense Authorization Act of 2012. Its Indefinite Detention Clause epitomizes the poisonous essence of his presidency. I'd very much like you to imagine every delegate at the Constitutional Convention, which convened in 1787, reading NDAA's Sections 1021 and 1022. They would have applauded U.S. District Court Judge Katherine B. Forrest, who struck down the indefinite-detention provision as an unconstitutional affront to free-speech rights. She has read the Constitution.

Forrest's ruling in *Hedges* v. *Obama*, which challenged the Indefinite Detention Clause, has since been reversed by a higher court. TruthDig.com columnist Christopher Hedges, one of the plaintiffs, commented: "It means that the state can use the military, overturning over two centuries of domestic law, to use troops on the streets to seize U.S. citizens, strip them of due process and hold them indefinitely in military detention centers."

The ACLU cautioned: "The statute is particularly dangerous because it has no temporal or geographic limitations, and can be used by this and future presidents to militarily detain people captured far from any battlefield."

How many of you knew that, including those of you who helped reelect Barack Obama?

Hedges added, "States that accrue to themselves this kind of power, history has shown, will use it. We will appeal, but the Supreme Court is not required to hear our appeal. It is a black day for those who care about liberty."

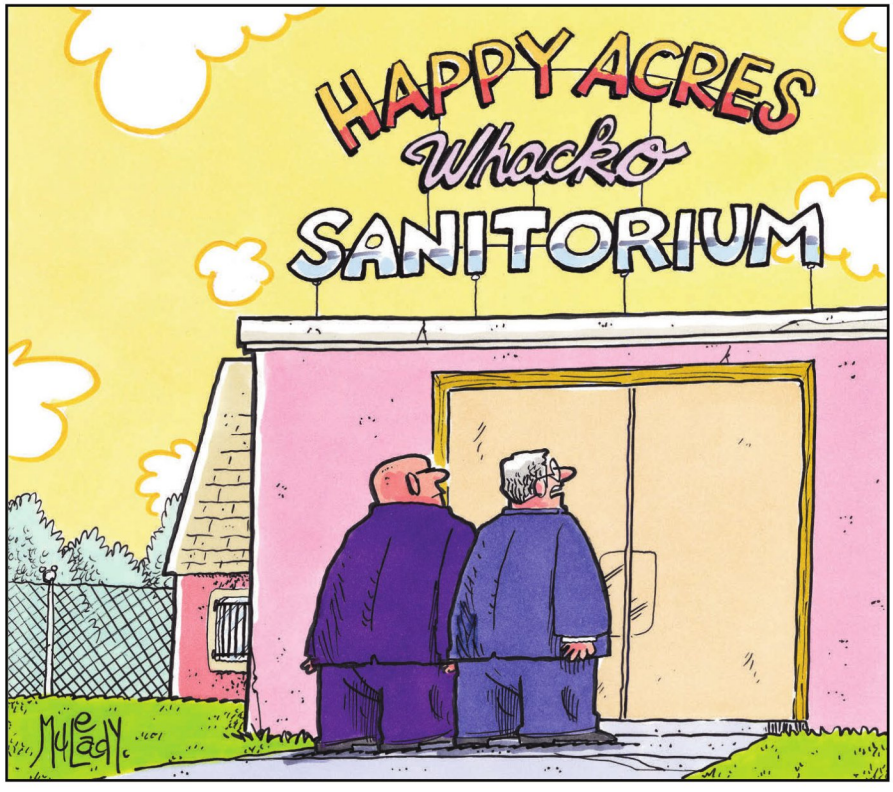
The Huffington Post's Matt Sledge reported, "The plaintiffs [in *Hedges* v. *Obama*]…argue that the standards by which the government may detain [alleged] al-Qaeda supporters under the NDAA are so vague that journalists and others reasonably fear detention merely because they have been in contact with terrorists."

As a reporter and activist, I've been in contact with those who oppose our government—but on civil-liberties grounds. They, myself included, are not terrorists despite what Obama's intelligence agencies may think.

It would be a travesty if the NDAA lawsuit doesn't reach the Supreme Court. So We the People must start reminding the nine justices about what country they're living in. And also remind them that King Obama has systematically demolished our identity as Americans—except for the First Amendment. Use it!

The military has been authorized to capture U.S. citizens on our streets. With that and so much more on his résumé, the time has come to impeach Barack Obama. H

Nat Hentoff, a senior fellow at the Cato Institute and Jazz Foundation of America board member, is a historian of the Constitution, syndicated columnist and jazz critic. His books include *The First Freedom: The Tumultuous History of Free Speech in America* and *Living the Bill of Rights*.



"All right, let's go in and pick out some Tea Party candidates to run for Congress in the fall."

"I'm not special…I'm just like any other politician. I put my genitals in your mouth one ball at a time."

REINCE PRIEBUS

Let's face it, the GOP is where charisma goes to die. Not in recent memory has the Republican Party been so overpopulated with smarmy, unelectable attention whores. So it makes sense that the super-pimp driving the clown car is Republican National Committee Chairman Reince Priebus.

Sure, we could make fun of that sleaze-oozing name all day, calling him things like Rancid Penis or Prince Prepubescent, but countless commenters have already had their way with it to hilarious effect. We'll just say this: If Reince Priebus were a gay porn star, his name would be Reince Priebus.

Now let's take a look at something far more bowel-churning: his politics. Priebus was spawned in the wilds of Wisconsin, where people proudly call themselves "cheeseheads." He was one of those whiny mini-fascists who join the Young Republicans in high school and elbow their way up to student body president in college.

He sharpened his teeth as a lawyer before weaseling his way into the RNC, scoring brownie points by boosting gubernatorial despot Scott Walker, and winning the chairmanship in 2011. That he did mostly by trash-talking predecessor Michael Steele, whom he served for two years as general counsel. Steele saw Priebus for what he was and once threatened to "clean his clock" with "just one knock on the head." That was probably the best idea Steele ever had.

The Priebus promise was that he'd raise enough money to make the Republicans an unstoppable train heading into the 2012 elections. The cash flowed in, but the new kid lied about how far off the rails his party already was. After the debacle, Priebus made a big show of conducting an "autopsy" on the GOP's festering corpse to see why it was so easily crushed. He found out what everybody already knew: Most voters think Republicans are "scary, out-of-touch" bigots reveling in "the party of the rich."

The obvious solution: Smile more at women and minorities (especially the ballooning bloc of Latino voters), get used to gays fucking each other up the shitpipe with wedding rings on and run somebody other than scowling old white men for office. Ever the sleazy lawyer advising his client to lie, Reince was basically saying, "Fake it until you make it." Guess what the Party of No said to that.

Reince's outreach lip service was soon drowned out by the Republican habit of blurting out nuggets of hate. Congressman Steve King's classic admission that he thinks most immigrants are drug-runners with "cantaloupe calves" hit Reince's rebranding effort like a boner to the back of the throat. (If you don't want to gag, Reince, stay out of politics.) The GOP's would-be Atlas shrugged and joined the dark side.

Reince knows that 2012 will repeat itself. He's destined to preside over his party's worst losing streak since 1948. When Hillary Clinton wins in 2016, the GOP will have crapped out on the White House three times in a row. Hence Reince's most pathetic gambit: In September 2013 he seized on the news that both CNN and NBC were planning movies about Hillary Clinton, and he threatened to block their primary debates, whining about political favoritism. The real story? Priebus saw an opportunity to cut back on debates because his candidates tend to come off as sniveling idiots, so he grabbed it. Reince is secretly thanking the political gods for those cheesy flicks, and Hillary is thanking Reince for helping to kill them!

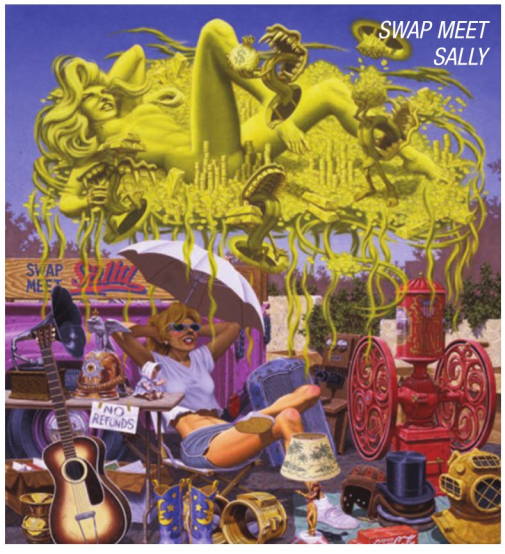
Priebus also knows that the more Republicans lose, the more desperate they get and the more he can stoke those lucrative fundraising fires. This guy is a lawyer. His job is to wring money out of a bad situation. *The Washington Post*'s E.J. Dionne has accurately called the GOP's current scheme an "ideological revolving fund." The base wants bang for its buck, and short-term money shots like bullshit filibusters and other obstructionist hijinks work like a charm. They wear off fast and prompt donors to pump in cash to keep the circus going.

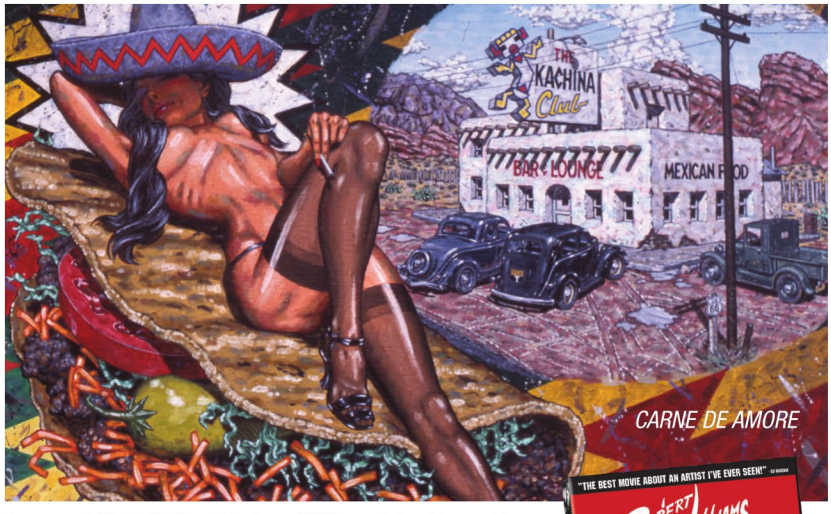
That brings us to another tidbit from the two-faced files: As a lawyer, Reince helped his clients be the best government-fund golddiggers they could be. His firm's "Stimulus Legislation Team" was set up specifically to creatively tap the Washington teat that he later claimed to despise. It also advised companies on how to stop worrying and love Obamacare since, they openly admitted, it was obviously the new law of the land and wasn't going anywhere—another bit of wisdom Reince now has to disown or be disemboweled at the next Tea Party conclave.

When Asshole alum Ted Cruz launched his futile anti-Obamacare filibuster that was supposed to threaten a government shutdown, Reince had no choice but to fall in behind him. As *Esquire* put it: "He knows where his balls are stored." Even as Cruz was still blathering on the Senate floor about green eggs and ham (and missing Dr. Seuss's point), Priebus tried to pin the blame on Obama, saying, "I think he wants this thing to happen, a shutdown of the government." (He must think rape victims are asking for it too.) Of course, in the end it was all just a stunt to keep the revolving fund a-churnin'.

If Reince Priebus is the current pimp of the Republican Party, Ted Cruz is his bottom bitch, the whore that'll keep the cash flowing. Their alliance is probably Reince's most sincere position to date. Back in 2010, Priebus "slipped" three times in a row and said that Obama should be executed. He's long counted Tea Party goons Scott Walker and Paul Ryan as his mentors. This guy is no moderate at heart.

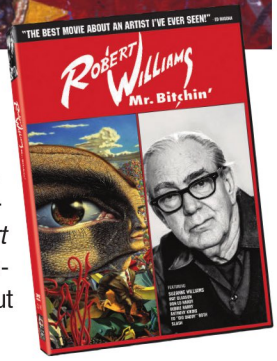
Figuring you can't win the war without a few suicide missions, the RNC with Reince at the helm is gambling that Tea Partiers will turn out to be useful idiots. The idea? Go far right to force center-right compromises from the Democrats. Maybe these clowns will even engineer an electoral swing! Good luck with that, Reince. May the best bottom bitch win. H





AMERICAN ASSKICKER

Check out this bitchin' new movie about renegade painter and HUSTLER pal Robert Williams. The king of low-brow art and psychedelic surrealism has been churning out eyeball-blistering, compulsively detailed canvases for decades. A born hell-raiser, Williams was one of the original postwar hot-rodders and a linchpin in what became known as the West Coast style. He created the album art for Guns N' Roses' *Appetite for Destruction*, founded the seminal art journal *Juxtapoz* and became a darling of Hollywood royalty and a punching bag for hard-line feminists—largely thanks to studding his work with voluptuous "easy-read beauties." Like his pictures, *Robert Williams: Mr. Bitchin'* is crammed with details about the wild side of Americana and useful insights from the master himself on what it's like to stick your neck out for your art. Keep your eyes peeled! For more info, check out **MrBitchin.com** and **CinemaLibreStudio.com**.

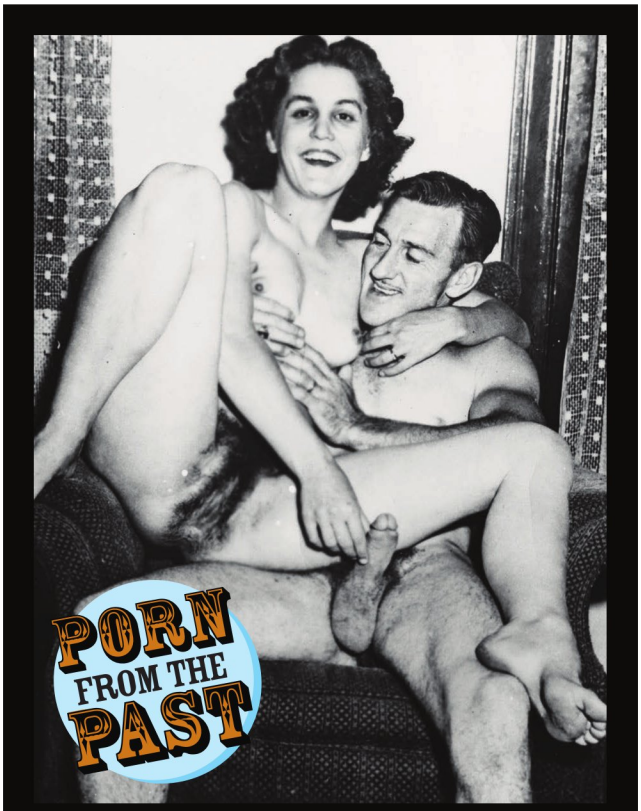


"Women who seek to be equal with men lack ambition." —MARILYN MONROE

WHAT WOULD KATE UPTON LOOK LIKE WITH A DICK IN HER MOUTH?

You've seen her sizzle in that Carl's Jr. ad, do the Dougie at a Los Angeles Clippers basketball game and lay down a steamy Cat Daddy in a teeny bikini. Now to beat all those, here's the swimsuit supermodel devouring her juiciest half-pounder yet. This page just got a whole lot hotter.

DISCLAIMER. Parody: No such picture of Kate Upton actually exists. This composite fantasy picture is altered from the original for our imagination, does not depict reality and is not to be taken seriously for any purpose.



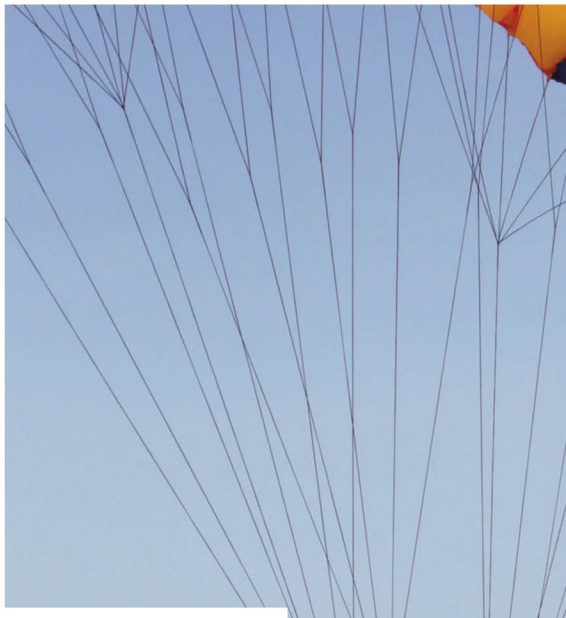
Those were the days when all a schmuck had to do was grow a debonair 'stache and he was in like Flynn. (That's Errol Flynn for all you ignoramuses.) Thanks to B.O. of San Gabriel, California, for this vintage photo. Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER's Porn From the Past, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

HUSTLER CLASSIC CARTOONS
J. Billette
"I am messed up, Doc! I'm faithful to my wife, I listen to country music, and I hate basketball."

"Pink isn't just a color; it's an attitude!" —MILEY CYRUS, TWERKER

PHOTOS BY HEW BURNEY · AERIAL PHOTOS COURTESY JOSEPH GAUSE

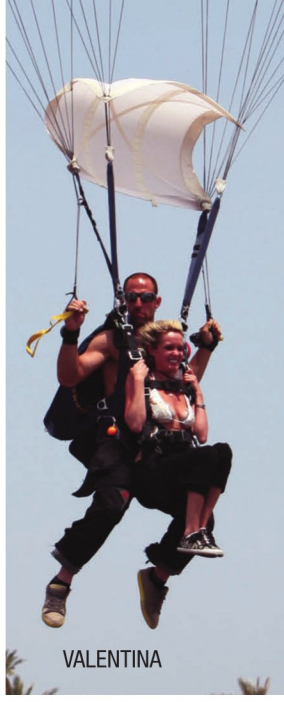
DAWN BEASLEY



JENNY CAPLAN

BOOBS A-FLAPPIN'

Hundreds of fat titties dropped from the sky as the Flight of the Tatas invaded Las Vegas. Joined by actor David Arquette and boobylicious porn star Jesse Jane, a flock of baredevils attempted to set a new Guinness world record for the largest topless skydive and raised tens of thousands of dollars for breast cancer research. Talk about an adrenaline rush. During their 12,000-foot descent, the brave souls reached speeds of 100-plus miles per hour before landing at Larry Flynt's HUSTLER CLUB (the charity event's sponsor) for the wild after-party.


VALENTINA

RON JEREMY AND FRIENDS

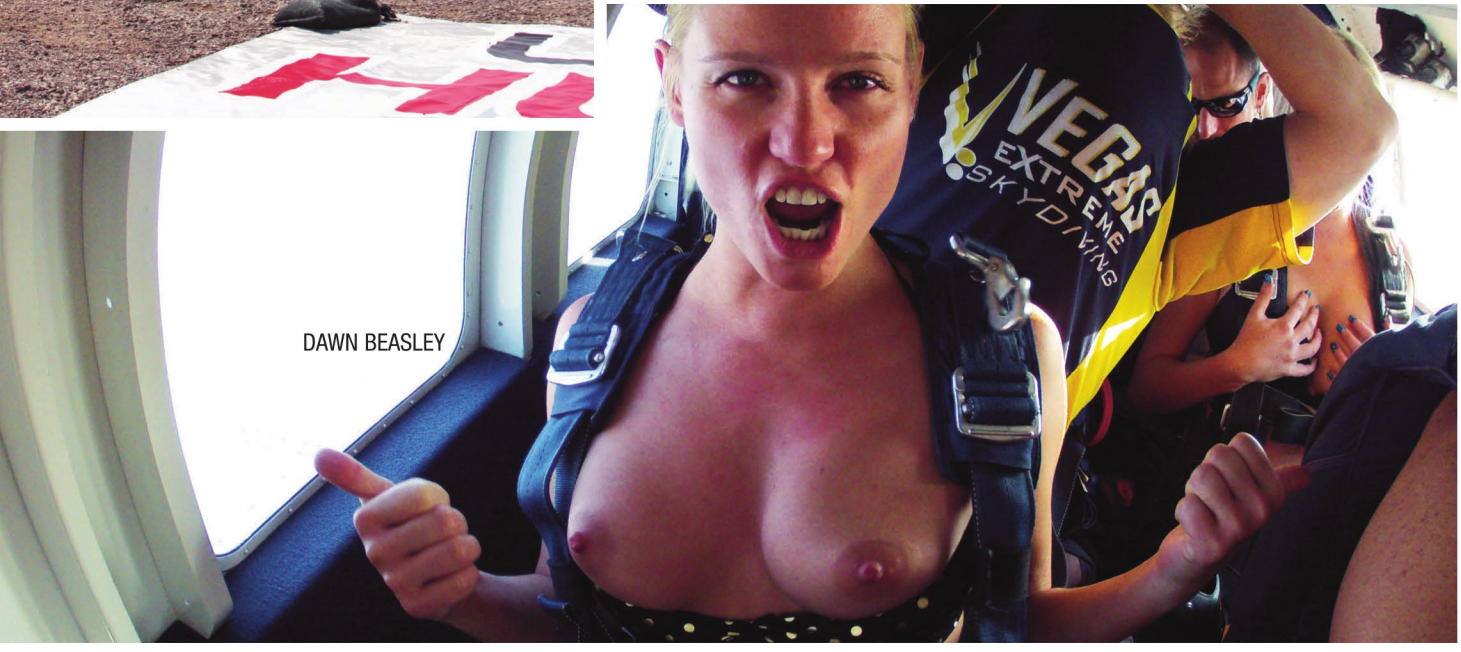
JESSE JANE & DAVID ARQUETTE

"Religion: it's given people hope in a world torn apart by religion." —JON STEWART, SATIRIST

JESSE JANE

KRISTIE LAIR, DANIELLE & JESSICA CHURCHVILLE

KRISTIE LAIR



DAWN BEASLEY

"Women. They are a complete mystery." —STEPHEN HAWKING, PHYSICIST

Loose Lips

I am so glad that you published the article titled *The Perfect Vagina: A Medical Conquest*. I would like to inquire Dr. Aronowitz via HUSTLER about something that I have pondered for years. Several years ago I dated a woman in her early 20s for a year. In the beginning her labia was intact, but by the end of our relationship she had very noticeably stretched labia. She once joked, "You did this to me because it didn't look like this before you."

Midwest Beaver Shelley Starr is hunting for more fresh meat.

In your expert opinion was her stretched labia due to a lot of intercourse, my cunnilingus addiction or factors that I have not considered? HUSTLER, I hope that you will print my letter and a reply from the good doctor so that I may put my longtime curiosity to rest. **—M.A.**
Russellville, Kentucky

Dr. Joel Aronowitz replies: The truth is often said in jest; your ex-girlfriend was likely right. The vagina's inner lips (labia minora) are easily stretched out. This may occur during sexual activity, but the rigors of childbirth can also contribute. And once the inner lips fall outside the protection of the outer lips (labia majora), even tight pants can cause additional stretching. It's fairly easy to trim unattractive hanging labia surgically but best to treat a woman's tender parts, well...tenderly.

Beav Season

Being showcased in HUSTLER, our favorite magazine [*Beaver Hunt*, November '13], means a lot to me and my photographer. I want to thank [Senior Editor] Morgen "Tex" Hagen for being so helpful throughout this process. He answered all my emails with quickness! I was treated with kindness and respect, things which can be hard to get from some people, online and in life. He truly made me feel comfortable, and I sincerely thank him for everything.

I will definitely spread the word about my *Beaver Hunt* experience, so be on the lookout for fresh meat from southern Illinois! I am always interested in more work, photos, films, etc., and would love to be part of the HUSTLER family!

—Shelley Starr
Herrin, Illinois

To the Core

Your photo-spread of Bonnie Rotten in the November '13 issue [*Bonnie Rotten Breaks Out*] should elicit the admiration of all true connoisseurs of pornographic beauty. That tattooed lady strikes a memorable series of apocalyptic poses in her effort to embody the Great Whore of Babylon and bring out the beast in every man. The images of fornication and corruption inked upon her skin illustrate the sordid state of her mind and recall the grotesque figures that adorn the facades of some churches.

Bonnie Rotten has never been to Golgotha, but she sure is die-hard goth!

In the manner of a high priestess about to reveal a sacred mystery, Bonnie spreads her legs and invites us to peer into the hot pink pleasure palace of her pussy. It blooms like a carnivorous flower, ready to take in yards of dick and suck the marrow out of every beefy boner. Truly, her cunt is an engine of dissolution, inducing the orgasm, that "little death" which ushers in a void of unknowing. He who enters the penetralia of her pussy with his prick treads the Via Dolorosa to Golgotha, the place of the skull, and is quickly beknighted of mind.

Yes, Bonnie deals in death like a real femme fatale. She harvests the seed from her fuckers and leaves them feeling low, while the sparks of life which still animate the spent spunk go to light up her eyes—electrifying her brain—and augment her allure. One can only surmise that she lives on semen much as a vampire lives on blood.

More photos of Bonnie and of Malice, her sister in depravity, would be appreciated.

—Kenneth Clark
Chicago, Illinois

WTF of the Month

We get a lot of crazy letters. Here's one of our favorites.

Did I ever tell you guys I am the unrecognized illegitimate bastard grandson of Howard Hughes? If you knew me and my father, the pieces of the puzzle would now be clicking into place in the back of your brain. You would not even question it further. Kate B., Angie J., Amy A., Halle B., Drew B., Lucy L. don't know how close they really got to H.H. genetically speaking. This means I got a couple of good movies in me. Need financing please.

—Jon Root
Kirkland, Washington

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or email to *HUSTLER@LFP.com* and be sure to indicate your hometown. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.

CASSIDY
CRUISE

PERFECT EXPOSURE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
STUDIOXPHOTOS.COM

I'm a bit of an exhibitionist," **Cassidy** confesses. "Once I had sex in an elevator in Hawaii. We were so deep into it, we didn't care the doors opened—and a whole busload of tourists were snapping pictures!" When **Cassidy**'s not going down in a lift, the leggy blonde from Australia photographs sexy women (yes, you've seen her work in HUSTLER and *Barely Legal*), travels the world and dreams of fucking on a pile of money.

CASSIDY'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Surfers Paradise, Queensland, Australia**

AGE: **38** | HEIGHT: **5-10** | MEASUREMENTS: **36-26-36**

FAVORITE POSITION: **On Top and in Control**

DUNGEONS & DEEP THROATS

THE GEEKY SECRETS of Sex Nerd Sandra

BY TYLER DAVIDSON | PHOTOGRAPHY BY LADI VON JANSKY

ONCE UPON A TIME A YOUNG WOMAN WAS DISCUSSING THE OFT-OVERLOOKED DETAILS OF CONDOM USAGE WITH A FRIEND, PROMPTING SAID FRIEND TO CALL HER A "SEX NERD." SUCH ARE THE MOMENTS THAT SEAL DESTINIES.

Like her professional persona "Sex Nerd Sandra," California native Sandra Daugherty is a startling hybrid of awkward shyness and deep carnal knowledge. Yes, the nerd category has evolved. It's not just pocket protectors and comic books anymore. According to Sandra, today's nerds are passionate and curious—and not just about Dungeons and Dragons.

"I've always been fascinated with sex," Sandra confesses. In what sounds at first like a Freudian joke, she attributes her sexual frankness to her father. "My dad found teaching moments as my brother and sister were getting older," she says. "He could transform tasks like changing diapers into anatomy lessons. When you're four, five years old, you're like, 'Oh, good to know. That stuff seems important, just like what my foot looks like.' And it was very age-appropriate, which is key."

Like father, like sex-nerd daughter. "When I was nine, I was giving the anatomical explanation of how babies are made. I remember walking down the hallway of my middle school, and I'd just heard the word *sexologist*. I remember thinking, *My God, how could anyone want to do anything else?"* Sandra clarifies that the move from concept to experience would take a while longer. >>

Cut to adulthood. Armed with a broadcast journalism degree, she found herself immersed in the typical L.A. career: showbiz. But something was missing.

"I didn't come to L.A. to work in TV and film production. It was familiar to me, and it was fun getting free breakfast all the time, but the work didn't fulfill me," Sandra says. Her epiphany triggered a three-month "walkabout" ("I hadn't seen anything east of Texas, so I did that"), crashing on friends' couches. Along the way a realization emerged: Sex education was her calling. A chance encounter soon after sealed the deal.

"I'm not religious, but it was a very special thing that I met Chris Hardwick when I did," says Sandra about crossing paths with the jovial figurehead of Nerdist Industries. She was working at a sex shop, reconnecting with the world of the horny. Hardwick happened to be on the hunt for a dildo to use in a comedy show.

Hardwick recruited the newly minted "Sex Nerd" to blog for Nerdist.com and soon approached her to start a podcast. As of this writing, its nearly 100 episodes have racked up 4 million downloads.

"My listeners are just the warmest, smartest, thoughtful people," she says, recalling one heartwarmer in particular: "I found an email from a woman who was thanking me. She said that she had married a guy that was her soul mate back in college. They were married for two years and it was rocky and they divorced. Fast-forward 20 years. They find each other on the Internet; they're still totally crazy about each other." The woman's ex-husband happened to be a fan of the show and had even introduced it to his old flame.

MODELS: PENELOPE STONE,
DANE CROSS AND SEX NERD
SANDRA AS HERSELF

"I START PUSHING IT SLOWLY AWAY FROM ME, AND AS HE RETRACTS THE DILDO, I WRAP MY LIPS AROUND IT AND MAKE SURE TO CLEAN IT OFF COMPLETELY."

"YOU LIE WITH YOUR BACK ON THE BED WITH YOUR HEAD OVER THE EDGE OF THE BED SO THAT YOU'RE WIDE OPEN ORALLY."

"[As soon as] the first episode came on, she was writing all these notes, not just info, but like, 'How do I feel about this? What does he think about this?' As she's been listening, they've talked about every episode, and it's sort of like a couples book club."

But it's not just listeners who have been changed by the show.

"The art of [podcasting] well has kept me on my toes for the past year and a half," Sandra says. "I've had to hold myself up to a level of quality that I'd never before had to on a weekly basis. I've struggled, and it's been a wild ride."

Covering topics from prostate play to polyamory to emotional healing, each podcast is nothing if not versatile. One thing Sandra learned the hard way is, always teach from personal experience.

"I was teaching a blowjob class in front of 30 women, showing people a good position to deep-throat. You lie with your back on the bed with your head over the edge of the bed so that you're wide open orally," she explains, emphasizing that this particular position was one she had never once tried.

All was good as her male assistant guided a dildo into her waiting mouth. Surprises tend to pop up when exploring uncharted territory, and as the prosthetic penis reached the top of her throat, Sandra promptly lost her lunch. A lesser sex educator might've put a quick end to the tutorial, but Sandra persisted.

"I'm feeling myself throwing up and at the same time, according to everything I'd been taught about living and growing up in Los Angeles, the show must go on!" Sandra did what so many video vixens have done in similar scenarios: She swallowed.

"I start pushing it slowly away from me, and as he retracts the dildo, I wrap my lips around it and make sure to clean it off completely. Then I sit up and say, 'And that's the way you deep-throat!'" >>

"Of course I would never lick your filthy asshole! Hey, don't try to make this about me!"

"The dork didn't even kiss me good night! I shaved my pussy for nothing!"

No one was the wiser. "I'm kind of proud that I stayed in the game. But you really need to try things first before you start teaching. It's something I'd heard other people talk about, but I didn't know any better. And now I know. And knowing is half the battle—of blowjobs."

The *Sex Nerd Sandra* podcast often ends with the effusive host belting out her slogan "Go Team Fun!"

"Life is tough enough," she says. "If you don't have a sense of humor about it, it can be really difficult. It's not 'Team Judgment'; it's not 'Team You Suck'; it's 'Team Fun.' It's keeping playfulness as an important and integral part of the way you rock your bedroom."

If Sex Nerd Sandra had a mission statement, what would it be? "It used to be 'reduce shame and normalize sexuality.' And at some point I realized it wasn't enough. My mission statement is now one of dropping every single thing you feel like you should be and letting yourself be exactly who you are. Because being who you are is not that simple. You can listen to podcasts all day long, but the underlying message is just listen to yourself and see how the show affects you.

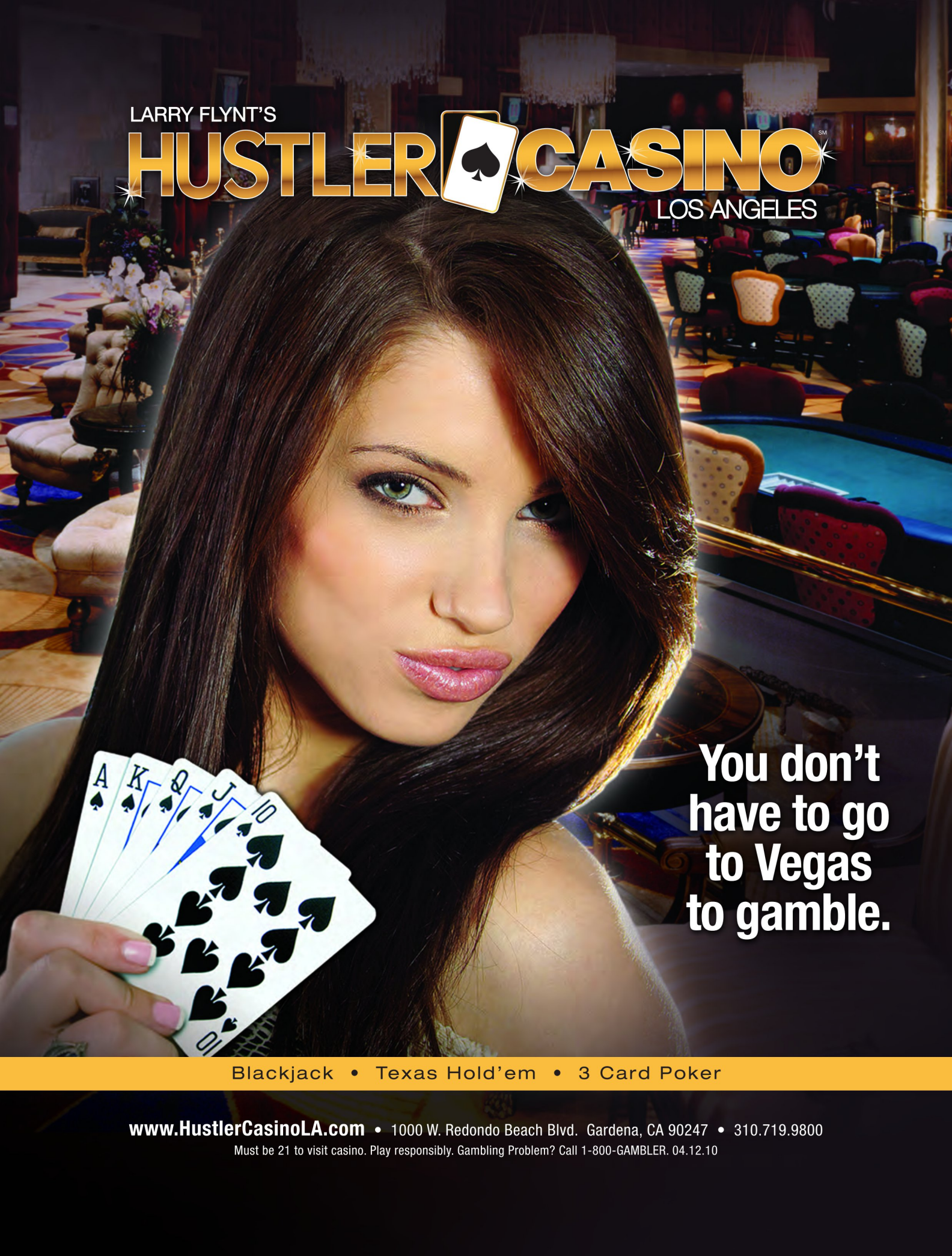
"It's not enough to normalize sex," she continues. "You've got to normalize your personal experience."

As for Sandra herself, she's just getting started. "I'd like to move to a video platform because my goodness, everybody is missing so many great facial expressions and hand gestures. A book would also be a ridiculously fun time for everyone involved. I also want to spend a little more time helping and creating ways for even the nicest, gentlest, shyest person to find love."

The work of a sex nerd is never done. H

For podcasts and more, visit SexNerdSandra.com.

Tyler Davidson is a California-based writer whose work has appeared in *Culture*, *Skratch Magazine* and *Inland Empire Weekly*.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IVY SHERWOOD

LUSCIOUS

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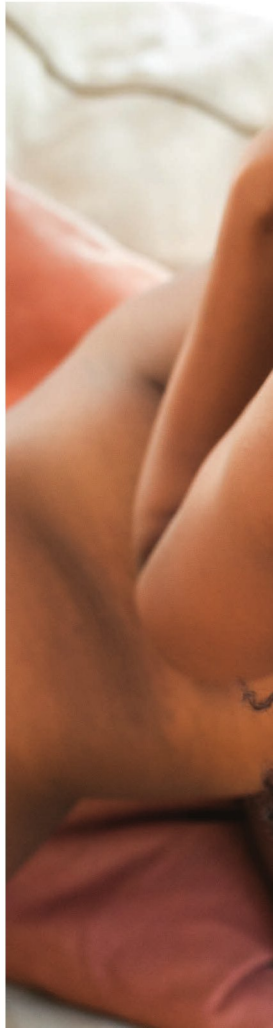
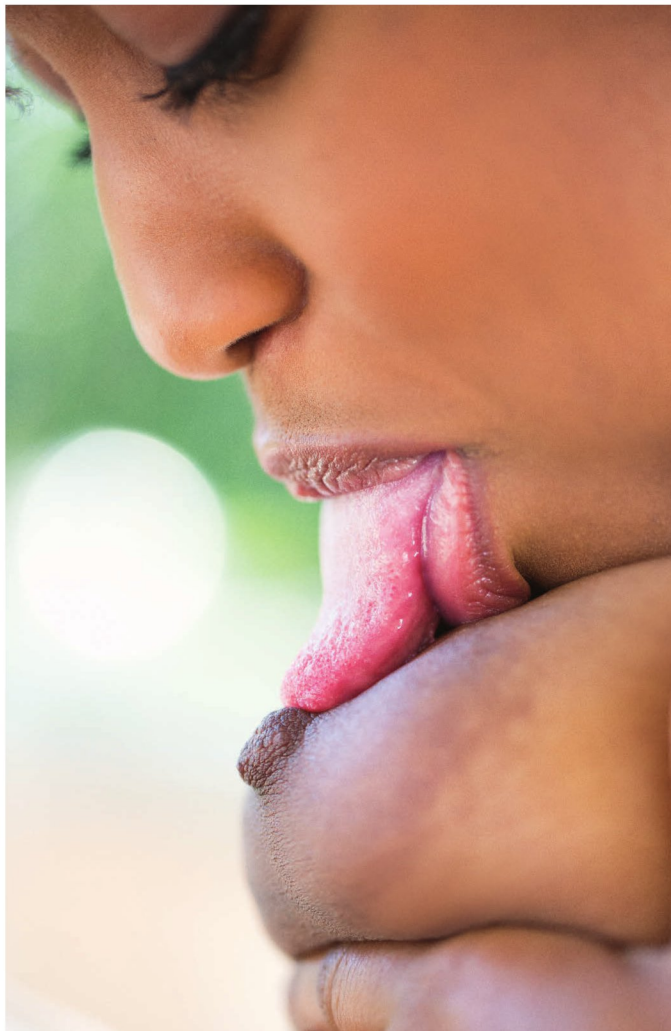


Every inch of **Ivy Sherwood** looks delicious to us, but what does she think is her best asset?

"Guys love to suck on my Hershey kisses, but personally I'm especially proud of my sweet booty."



IVY'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Costa Mesa, California** | AGE: **21** | HEIGHT: **5-2**
MEASUREMENTS: **34-24-34** | FAVORITE POSITION: **Doggy**
TWITTER: **@Ivy_SherwoodXXX**

ATTACK OF THE COMIC CUNTS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
WILFERD GUENTHOER

STORY BY
ELA DARLING

SUPERVIXEN ELA DARLING AND HER HORNY FRIENDS KICK THEIR COMIC-CON COSPLAY UP A FEW NOTCHES.

I DIDN'T MEAN FOR THAT DAY TO TURN INTO AN ORGY.

It's Friday at the San Diego Comic-Con. I'm Batgirl, Annie Cruz is Catwoman, and she is really going to town on my pussy. My blood pressure is rising, my cheeks are flushing, and Annie is licking, sucking and fingerbanging me to absolute bliss.

I had called together a cast of sexy cosplay ladies I knew would be attending Comic-Con in costume. Along with Annie and me, there's Draven Star dressed as a Slytherin student, Daisy Layne and CeCe LaRue as anime cuties, Sinn Sage as Hunter S. Thompson and Lily Cade dressed as both Princess Bubblegum and Captain America.

I CLOSE MY HAND TEASINGLY AROUND DRAVEN'S THROAT UNTIL SHE THRASHES AT THE PEAK OF A TUMULTUOUS ORGASM.

Slytherin Draven slithers off with Hunter S. Thompson like a schoolgirl with a crush while my mouth is full of Catwoman. I plunge my fingers into her pussy, curl them up to hit her G spot and massage her clit with my other hand until her juices pool onto my palm. I look over to watch Lily quiver in mid-orgasm while anime girl Daisy probes the princess's wet ginger pussy with a toy gun. I spare a moment to appreciate Daisy's trigger discipline: Her index finger is draped gently across the trigger guard. When she's done, Daisy licks Lily's pussy juice off the plastic gun barrel. Sweet as bubblegum.

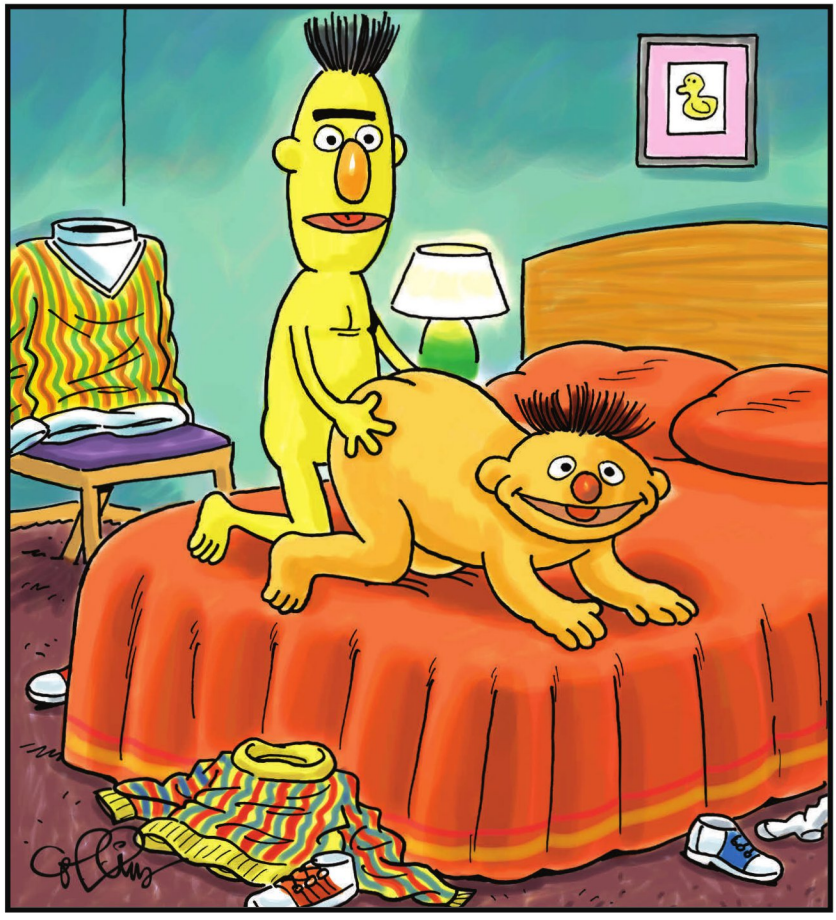
Okay, I kind of lied about the orgy thing. My friend Lily Cade is a sexual powerhouse who will bang every chick in a room if she's given the opportunity. She's fucked girls in the middle of my living room at my birthday party. I kind of knew the path this shindig was destined to take.

Draven's pretty pale face is contorted in orgasm, while Annie, Lily and I devour her. Her red lipstick smears on my face as we kiss. Annie, skintight suit half stripped off, is sucking on her nipples, and several of Lily's sticky fingers are buried in her snatch. I close my hand teasingly around Draven's throat until she thrashes at the peak of a tumultuous orgasm.

Lily and I take a water break, and she seizes the moment to FingerFuck me into a quick, frenetic orgasm. Downstairs we encounter Annie, CeCe and Daisy on a couch. We dive back in. Lily fucks each of the girls, then Draven and Sinn join in. We're a pile of squirming, sweaty, horny wonder women fucking, fingering, teasing and sucking any part of each other we can hold still long enough to coax an orgasm out of.

PROPS TO AZIANN VASQUEZ AT THE MIX, HAIR LOUNGE FOR MEN FOR LETTING THE LADIES COME IN AND PLAY.

It's hot and we're all warm and pleased. We have fucked each other to the point of exhausted satisfaction. Now it's time to touch up our makeup, get back into costume and pre-game for the parties and bar crawls. I'm left feeling like the expo gods beamed the scene straight out of my fantasy: a lesbian FuckFest with good friends at my favorite convention. That's cosplay! This might just become my favorite new Comic-Con tradition. H



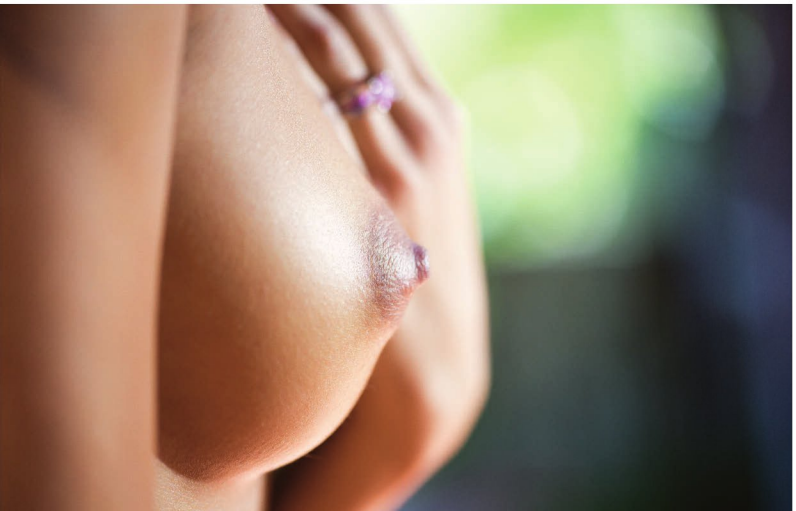
"Who says I *want* to get fucking married?!"

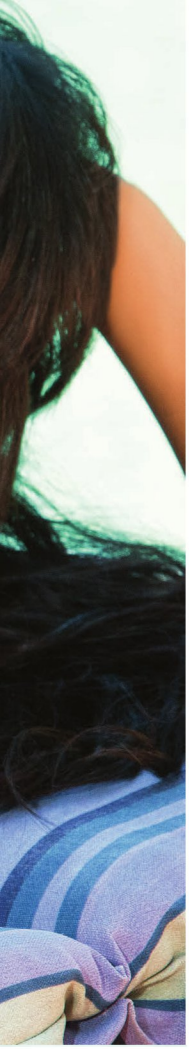
"Mind if I take a picture of it to post on my Facebook page?"

CHLOE AMOUR

STELLAR

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
DIGITALDESIRE.COM





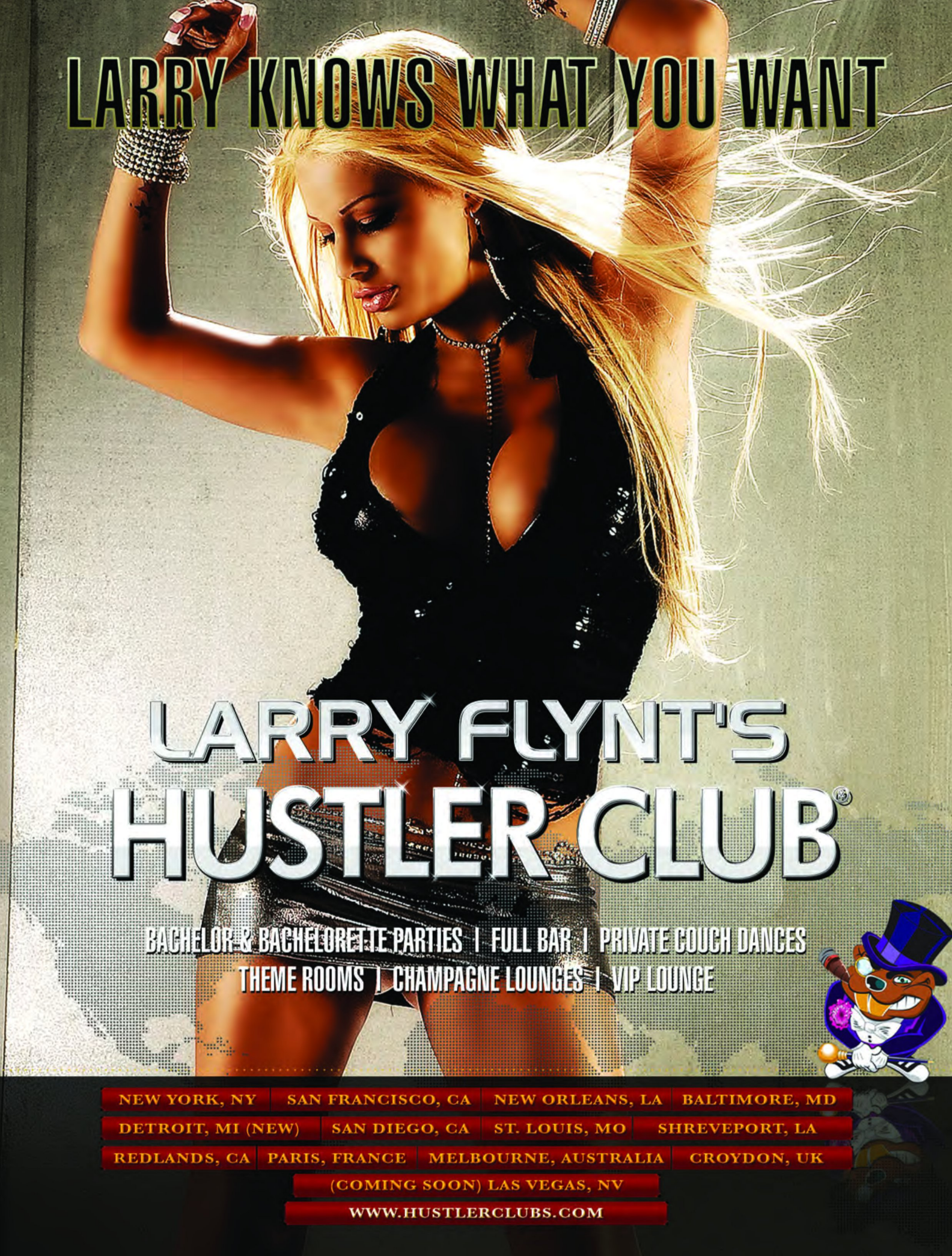
Two weeks after I moved to L.A., I was already modeling for HUSTLER. It was surreal and still is, but I *love* what I do," **Chloe Amour** enthuses. "The first time I got naked on camera, I was hooked. What a rush from my head to my toes." Since arriving from San Antone, the ambitious stunner has been knocking her goals down like dominoes. "I've made a few films, fulfilled a fantasy—my first threeway—and now I really hope to be a star!"

Why would a Latina have a French name? "When I think of French, I think of sex."

CHLOE'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **San Antonio, Texas** | AGE: **22**
HEIGHT: **5-5** | MEASUREMENTS: **34-25-35**
FAVORITE POSITIONS: **Missionary and Doggy**

"Someday, Melania, this will all be yours. Until then I'll hold it over your head constantly and use it to manipulate you in every way I possibly can."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VAL
MIDWEST

ON THE RUN

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DIGITALDESIRE.COM | INTERVIEW BY DAN KAPELOVITZ

Val Midwest grew up a sweet Catholic girl in the heartland locale of Lincoln, Nebraska. Wild at heart and with guts of steel, she broke out of the small-town straitjacket overnight by posing nude in front of her high school and posting the hot photos online. **Val** incurred the wrath of local law enforcement, but she got back at the prudes and got what she craved: instant fame and her first stroker-magazine spread. Right after being charged with public nudity and still waiting for the judge to slap on the shackles, **Val Midwest** hit the road and hooked up with HUSTLER to show the world what an all-American rebel is made of.

HUSTLER: Tell us about your arrest.

VAL MIDWEST: There were a bunch of kids in my class [at Pius X High School], and they were really mean to me, saying, "You shouldn't be starting your website. You're Catholic." I understood that, but they would come at me saying names, calling me a slut. So I decided to go to Pius and do a photo-set on the school grounds.

I hopped the fence and did a little set on the football field. I wanted to see how many people would go look at the website after I did that set. Everyone found out for themselves, and then it was all over Twitter and everything. So Catholic people do go to my website, and they do look at porn. I thought that was funny because I didn't tell anyone to go to the website. They went there on their own and saw that I was at Pius. Then Pius got me in trouble with the police.

The police came and gave me a trespassing ticket and a public-nudity ticket. I'm fighting the public nudity. I don't think I should get a public-nudity ticket if I'm trespassing onto private property, which makes it not public nudity.

Did anyone see you?

No one saw me. Pius does have cameras on their football field, so they got me on their cameras. So I couldn't say that I Photoshopped it or anything; they have proof. I went at night because I wasn't going to have a huge big deal going on as far as people seeing me.

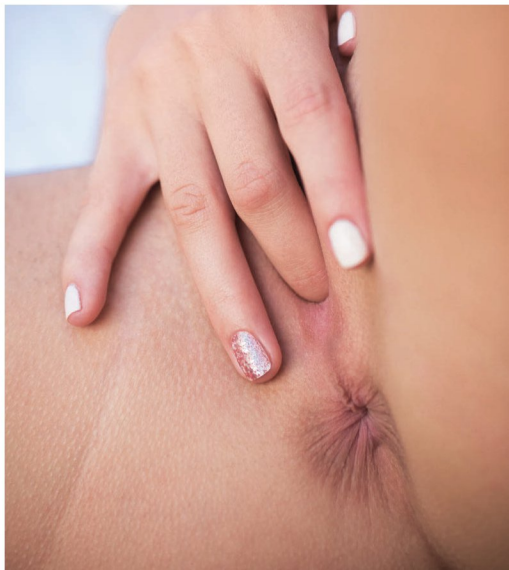
When I got my tickets, I went down to the courthouse. They arrested me and took my mug shot. The police were really stupid when they were taking my mug shot. There was a little note card right on their computer with the username and password, and they were having the hardest time logging in to their computer because they didn't know their username and password. I said, "Hey, boys, your username and password are right there," and I pointed to it. They were all mad. I had to help them take my mug shot.

Did you consider doing your mug shot in the nude?

I wanted to. I had a tank on, and it was kind of low cut, and they had me put on this blue jacket.

Were you attending Pius X High School when they saw the photos?

No. I graduated. They only found out about it because they look at porn and stuff, even though [they think] porn is bad. I used to be friends with these kids. I know how they are, and I've been to parties with them, where some of the girls were sluts or they'd gotten so wasted >>



that they took all of their clothes off. So don't come at me publicly saying I'm so bad when you yourself have done things that you would say aren't Catholic or Christian.

What's happening with your case?

I had a court date and I pled not guilty. I have the best lawyer in Nebraska, so I'm not really worried about it.

Did you mean this to be a publicity stunt?

No. The website is like my life. I show what I do, what is going on in my life on my website. I went back to Pius the day that I got arrested and was like, "Hey, guys, I'm back at Pius. Thank you for getting me arrested." Then out of nowhere five cop cars pull up. They told me that I could wear pasties and panties, but I couldn't go naked because that's public nudity. Everyone thought I was getting arrested right then. I didn't. They were just there because people were calling in saying I was going to do something, which I wasn't. I was just back there shooting another set saying I got my tickets that day.

What does your family think about all of this attention?

They don't like the website. They don't like porn or anything like that, but they do support me as a person, so we just don't talk about anything like that. They actually have had a lot of news reporters calling the house, and they say, "We don't deal with anything with her website. She's our daughter and that's it." They're just glad that I'm happy and doing okay.

Do you eventually want to do porn flicks?

If an opportunity comes my way, I'll think about it.

Do you still consider yourself a Catholic?

I don't know. I definitely have my own views. I wouldn't call it Catholic, I guess, because if you don't believe in one thing, then you aren't Catholic. I have my own views religionwise.

What made you decide to start your website?

I started working at a restaurant in Lincoln. I didn't want to have a job like that, and I wanted to do something different than everyone else did. I saw Melissa's website [Melissa Harrington aka Melissa Lincoln aka Melissa Midwest] and saw how much fun she was having, and that's what I decided to do. I definitely don't regret doing it at all.

You've since done a bunch of photos at different churches, but you haven't released them yet. Are you going to?

I don't know. We are still talking about it. I don't think the churches would do anything if I post them, but everyone is going to freak out when I post them.

Are you worried about getting more citations?

That's what I'm wondering. I want to wait to see what my lawyer says. I'm not scared. I really do want to put the photos up.

What's the worst you'll face if you get convicted?

Just a fine. I really don't want to be on probation though because I like flying out to Vegas and everything. I want to tell them that if they put me on probation, I will do a lot more sets here. It will be worse for them to keep me here.

Do you dance at strip clubs?

I don't do clubs because I like being myself. I don't need a club because people hire me for bachelor parties just by myself, and we do the Midwest Girls stuff. Or I do one-on-one work. If guys want a one-on-one with me, they can set one up.

What's next for your website?

I am going to do a set down by the courthouse soon.

Dan Kapelovitz is a former HUSTLER editor. He now practices criminal law (RadicalLawCenter.com).

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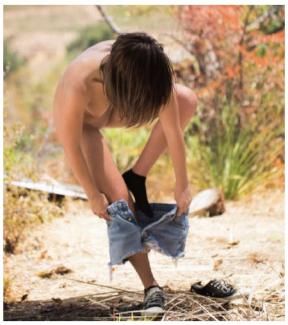


A distinguished professor was asked to give a lecture on sex. Upon being introduced, he stood up, cleared his throat and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, it gives me great pleasure." And then he promptly sat down.

Lilly and Tom had just finished screwing when Lilly asked, "If I got pregnant, what would we call the baby?"

Tom rolled off his condom, tied a knot in it and flushed it down the toilet. "Well," he said, "if he can get out of that, we'll call him Houdini."

Question: Why did the blonde decide to sell her car?

Answer: She needed gas money.

Josh admitted to his best friend, "Alcohol totally fucks with my judgment. Last night I went home at two with a ten. This morning I woke up at ten with a two."

When Doug met a hooker in a local pub, she said, "This must be your lucky night. I'll do anything you want for $300, so long as you can describe it in three words."

Delighted, Doug immediately pulled three $100 bills from his wallet. With each Benjamin he placed on the bar, he uttered one word: "Paint…my…house."

Three little old ladies were sitting on a park bench when suddenly a young man in a trench coat ran up and flashed them. Two had a stroke. The third couldn't reach.

A tall Texan rancher donning a ten-gallon Stetson strode into a sleazy cocktail lounge with his buddies. As he passed a veteran waitress bent over wiping a table, he slapped her on the butt and said, "Ah shore do wish ah had a little pussy."

The waitress glanced up at him without stopping and remarked, "So do I."

Nancy answered the phone only to hear heavy breathing. She was about to hang up when a hoarse voice whispered in her ear, "I bet you have a tight ass with no hair."

"Why, yes!" Nancy exclaimed. "He's drinking beer and watching TV. Who should I say is calling?"

Question: Why did it take the Hispanic couple six weeks to drive across the United States?

Answer: Because they kept encountering signs that read, "Clean restrooms."

On an elderly couple's 50th anniversary, Irene found the negligee she wore on their wedding night and put it on. She went to her husband Butch and asked the retired Marine, "Honey, remember this?"

Butch looked up from his newspaper and replied, "Yes, dear, I do. You wore that negligee the night we were married."

"Yes, that's right. Do you remember what you said to me that night?"

He nodded. "I said, 'Oh, baby, I'm going to suck the life out of those boobs and screw your brains out.'"

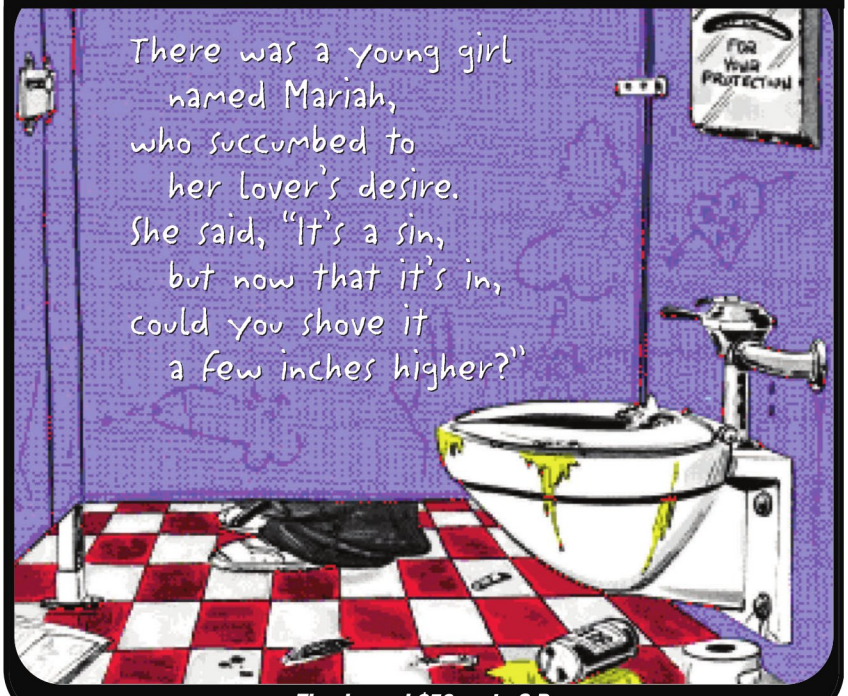
Irene giggled. "That's exactly what you said. So now it's 50 years later, and I'm in the same negligee. What do you have to say tonight?"

Butch looked Irene up and down. "Mission accomplished."

Al walked into the living room and saw his girlfriend watching a cooking show. "Why are you watching that?" he asked. "You can't cook!"

"Well," she replied, "you watch porn."

GRAFFILTHY

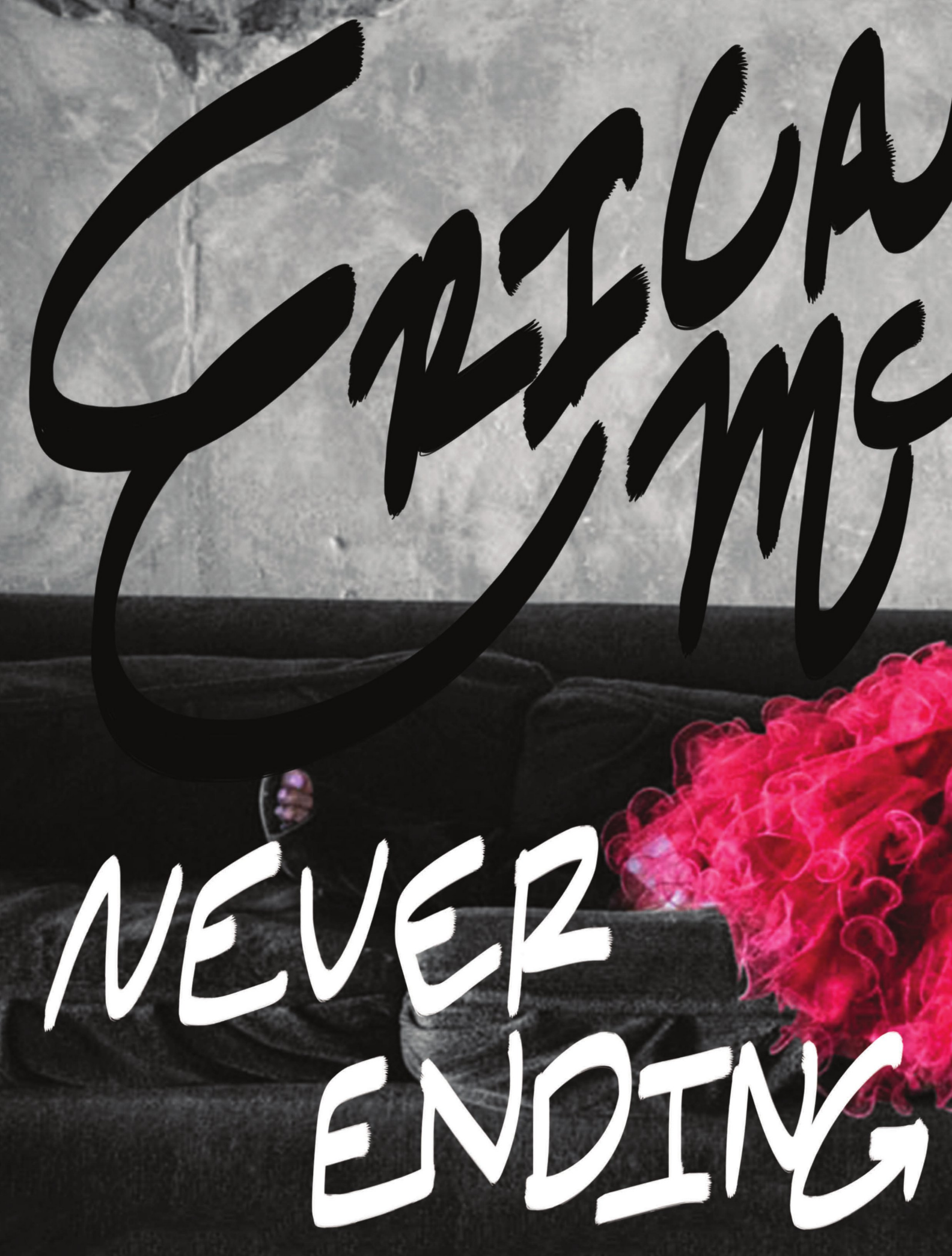


Thanks and $50 go to S.B.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, or have a "poem" befitting a bathroom wall, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211; or by email to *HUSTLER@LFP.com.* If your item appears here, we'll send you a check for $50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.

"After the revelation that you were in a porno movie, the school board has no choice but to fire you from your teaching position. But before you go, would you sign our copies?"

HOOK UP
TONIGHT
With
HOT GIRLS
AND THE SEXIEST
PORNSTARS!
THEY'RE WAITING
INSIDE NOW!
Come inside and see what
you can get them to do!
These girls are Ready & Willing
to do ANYTHING FOR YOU!
We've collected 1000's of
beautiful girls who are waiting
show you a good time!
Start a Chat RIGHT NOW


NEVER
ENDING

LEAN'S DREAM

BY
ALEX COSENZA

PHOTO BY VALERIA DEMICHELIS

The woman's porn immortality is secure. In a career spanning decades, Erica McLean has gone from modeling to directing, shaping a creative vision that stands out from the hardcore pack. Still as ambitious and restless as ever, she's now poised for a new leap into the unknown. >>

PHOTO BY SEQUOIA EMMANUELLE

Erica McLean knows how to live. Home is a sprawling ranch in the sun-drenched hills north of Hollywood, a paradise she shares with ten dogs and five horses. When she's not spending time with her beloved animals, she's somewhere in L.A.'s urban sprawl, pitching projects, partying with friends or doing what she does best: directing balls-to-the-wall sex scenes.

Erica's recent films are unlike anything you've ever seen in porn—or mainstream cinema for that matter. They're raw and artsy, without ever skimping on the XXX.

In 2009, after cutting her chops on HUSTLER'S long-running *Barely Legal* series—developed over many years at the side of her late husband, Clive McLean—Erica embarked on the insanely ambitious *Hardcore Circus*. Produced through her own company, Cheeky Monkey Productions, the movie unfolds in a dream sequence inhabited by a bizarre conglomeration of clowns, stilt walkers, acrobats, fire-breathers and even a dwarf. "It was amazing," Erica marvels. "I literally created a circus in my backyard!"

Thanks to her fearlessly experimental style, McLean has been compared to the likes of Federico Fellini, John Waters and Tim Burton. "I'm just trying to give back to the adult industry a little creative love, which they need and deserve."

It's difficult enough trying to break through the tired formulas of adult entertainment; it's even tougher if you're a woman. Porn may profit from feminine allure in front of the camera, but behind the scenes it's still predominantly run by men.

"Larry Flynt once said to me, 'It's a boy's club, and they don't want you in it.' Then he turned around and gave me the opportunity of a lifetime: to produce and direct *Barely Legal*, as well as distribute my first feature, *Hardcore Circus*. I guess I proved I could smoke cigars with the best of them!"

WE GOT TO BARELY LEGAL #6, AND ONE DAY CLIVE BROUGHT HOME AVN MAGAZINE. WE WERE #1 ON THE CHARTS. WE STARTED WINNING AWARDS. I REMEMBER AVN WHEN IT WAS JUST SOME FOLDING TABLES AND CHAIRS!

Erica scored even more exposure with her *Flying Pink Pig* trilogy, making headlines in *LA Weekly* and TMZ. The series was shot in an actual food truck called the Flying Pig, which still sells pork sandwiches to customers all over Los Angeles. Overlapping hardcore porn with food service churned up plenty of controversy, which Erica deftly turned into a PR godsend. Then, by chance, the project got a boost from some added starpower. "At the 2011 Players Ball my good friend Bishop Don Juan introduced me to Snoop Dogg, who presented me the Playerette of the Year Award. Snoop and I became friends; and he wrote and performed *Riding the Flying Pink Pig*'s theme song, 'Pink Pussy.'"

Erica has since released *Alice* (her version of that famous trip down the rabbit hole) and *Flying Solo* (a masturbation collection featuring the return of legendary squirter Cytherea). She is now prepping her most ambitious project to date: an erotic supernatural series called *Inside Paris*.

SOUL MATES

Erica's odyssey started when she left her home in New Jersey for the lights of Manhattan. She worked as a makeup artist on mainstream music videos, commercials and movies. Already tired of the New York grind at age 20, Erica headed to the West Coast, where life was laid-back and work was just as plentiful.

"I started working for *Playboy*. One day I got a call from a friend asking if I could cover for her on a job. It turned out to be a HUSTLER photo-shoot. It changed my life forever."

The lensman happened to be Clive McLean, an Englishman who had been shooting for HUSTLER since the '70s and helped define its trademark style.

"He came bouncing up the stairs to the makeup room and said in a British accent, 'Hello, darling, and who are you?' I said, 'I'm Erica!' I liked him, and I went with him down to Cabo San Lucas, Mexico. We had a great time, but I didn't see him for two years after that because I was busy working all over the world in places like Spain and England, just doing my thing.

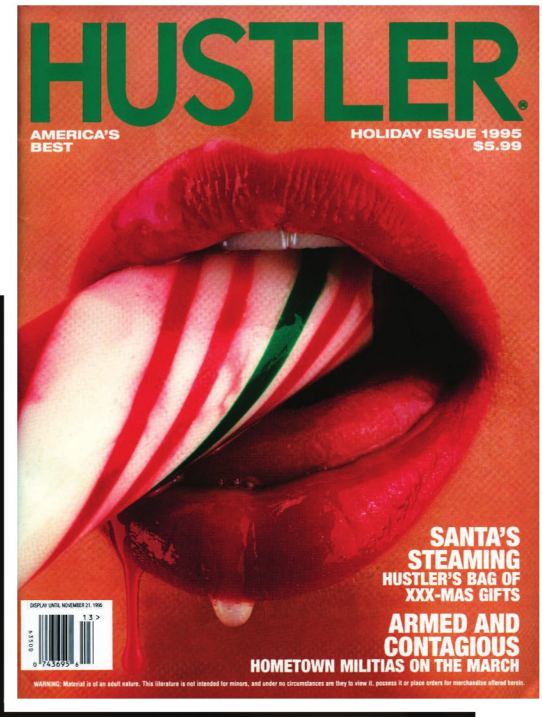
Erica in a spread by Clive McLean and (right) her lips gracing a classic cover

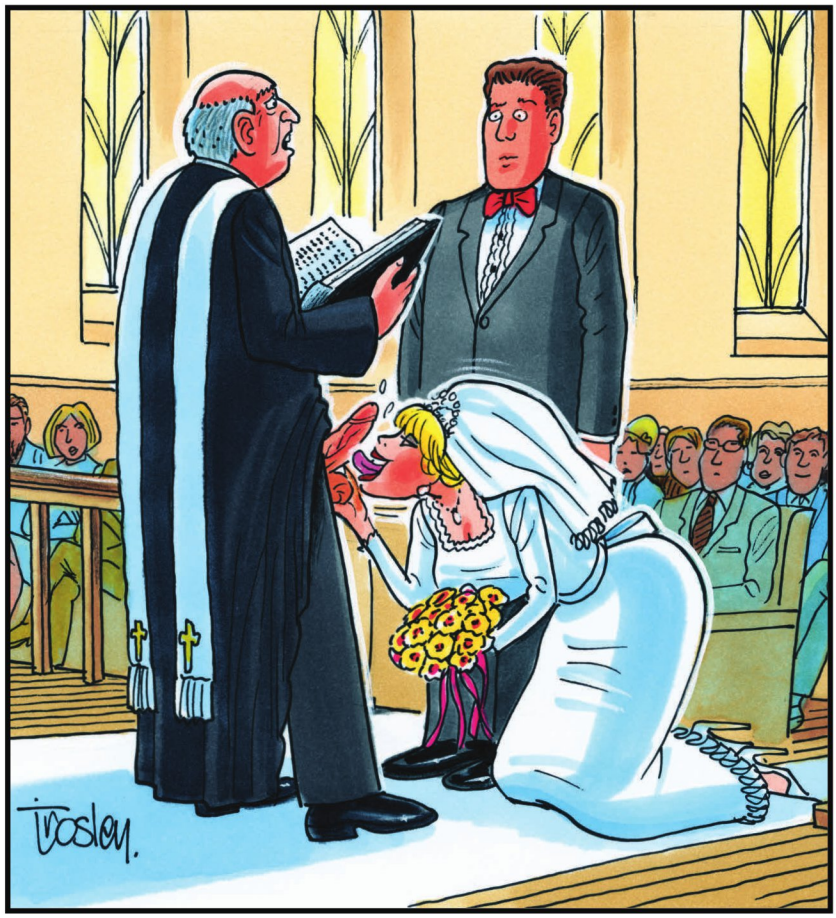
"I was hired to do makeup on an all-girl orgy film. I walked onto set, and there was Clive covering it for HUSTLER, and we connected. He had an amazing smile, amazing eyes, and he made me laugh. We dated briefly, maybe six months, before I moved out of my little bungalow in Hollywood and moved in with Clive.

"One day I was doing makeup on a movie called *Pussyman*, and the caterer was reading my tarot cards. He predicted that Clive was going to ask me something special in the presence of the color blue. I assumed blue meant it would be near the water. We lived in Beverly Hills, and there was a blue tile counter in our kitchen. At this point we'd lived together for eight months. I said to him, 'If we're going to continue on and make this go, I need a commitment.' He said, 'Will you marry me?' And I said, 'Yes!'

"Most people thought our relationship was against all odds because Clive was a wild horse to ride, pretty much Playboy #1. He shot all these beautiful naked women! That didn't matter because we were in love and spent 12 amazing years of marriage together. He was my soul mate."

The couple went on to produce and direct hundreds of scenes together. *AVN*, the industry's top trade publication, has called Clive and Erica McLean "the dynamic duo of the adult world." **>>**





"I now pronounce you man and slut."

"It sounds like you just need some variety in your sex life. Try using your other hand."

PHOTO BY CLIVE McLEAN

"MY ENERGY HAS SHIFTED!" SHE EXCLAIMS, EYES SHINING. "IT'S A MAGICAL JOURNEY, A TIME OF MANIFESTATION!"

BARELY LEGAL

Erica recalls a seminal moment. "In 1999 Clive came home and said, 'I'm going to step up my game. We're going to do a video.' I said, 'Clive, it's a lot of work. But if that's what you want to do, I'm down 110%.' I come from a video background, so I knew it would take a lot of work to get this going.

"He popped in an old VHS from the late '80s. Ten seconds later I said, 'Clive, take this off. It's hideous.' See, there was no HUSTLER Video when we started. There was no HUSTLER Hollywood store. There was nothing. We were the pioneers.

"*Barely Legal* magazine was out, and we shot photos for it. Clive said, 'Why don't we make a video out of this? Of a girl's first time?'

"I produced. He directed. We created the stories together. On the first *Barely Legal* video, we had a cameraman, and Clive got into a dispute because the cameraman said, 'How do you know what to do?' Clive said, 'I know what I want.' He picked up the camera and said, 'I'm going to do my own camerawork.' Clive had an amazing eye. He brought things to life in a way that other filmmakers couldn't.

"We had a small crew. I did hair, makeup, styling. I was like a one-woman band. I even put the food out. Everything just grew, but we had no idea it was going to be that big. We just took a concept and brought it to life. Clive was a visionary. All he wanted to do was direct, so I produced everything. I got the girls, hired the crew, found the location and wrote the story. I came up with the idea to write a diary entry, 'Dear *Barely Legal*,' which would fill in the story.

"We got to *Barely Legal #6*, and one day Clive brought home *AVN* magazine. We were #1 on the charts. We started winning awards. I remember *AVN* when it was just some folding tables and chairs!

"Before us, people would take 25- to 30-year-olds, put pigtails on them and say they were young. We did castings. We found girls that really were young. Using the element of innocence and sexuality, we made it look good without making it look cheesy or degrading. We made it look fresh. Clive was an artist."

In practically every *Barely Legal* vignette the girls wore white panties. It became a signature of the series, which Erica describes as very English. "Clive loved little white panties!" she recalls.

After Clive McLean lost his battle with cancer in 2005, Larry Flynt gave Erica the opportunity to take over the series as producer and director. She picked up at episode *#53* and continued on to *#95*, tossing in a few special editions along the way. At press time, *Barely Legal* was still going strong at *#139*.

FOR A CLASSIC SET BY CLIVE McLEAN TURN TO PAGE 130.

THE IMAGE MAKER

Attending *AVN*'s annual Las Vegas blowout, Erica can't go five steps without someone stopping her to say hello. "We started a lot of these girls out," Erica explains. "See that cute little blond girl who just walked past? I love her. That's Ashley Fires. We started her out."

Ashley runs over and hugs Erica. Her very first scene was filmed at Erica's ranch. "I was so pale," Ashley says. "Clive was saying you're fucking up my white balance! I was new and so nervous. Erica said, 'Let's go take some photos.' And when she told me, 'Everything is going to be okay,' I immediately felt at ease."

We bump into Celeste Star, who did one of her first scenes with *Barely Legal*. "I was 18. I actually ditched school for it. Erica did my makeup, and then my other girlfriend Ramona Love came in, and we did a girl-girl scene. Erica actually gave me my name. I was going by some weird name I wasn't sure about, and she said, 'No, no, no, we need to set you up with a good name,' and she said Celeste Star!"

It was Celeste's first girl-girl scene and her first time masturbating on camera. She was nervous. I ask her how Erica made her feel. "Amazing and beautiful. Are you kidding me? I love this woman. She made me feel so comfortable with my body—comfortable being naked, masturbating and doing this sort of thing."

Joey Ray chimes in, "I probably wouldn't be comfortable doing porn if it weren't for Erica and Clive. She's amazing and made me feel good about myself and really love sex. She just treated me like a human being, not a sex object. She has a heart."

EROTIC POWERS

Erica is now pitching her new series *Inside Paris*, which focuses on the supernatural and occult. It will be filmed on location in New Orleans.

"It's an erotic thriller told as an ongoing series. The main character is Paris, a young woman who experiences various states of existence—life, death and the hereafter—in all their wonderful eccentricities.

"I've conceived it as a series of adventures. With each new encounter that Paris makes in her afterlife—with a ghost, lesbian vampires, a voodoo priestess and others—she learns how her powers can carry her into an increasingly erotic lifestyle where there are no boundaries. The powers are ours to use. There's a little Paris in each of us!"

There's also plenty of Erica in Paris. "My energy has shifted!" she exclaims, eyes shining. "It's a magical journey, a time of manifestation!"

Yet another episode in Erica McLean's neverending dream. H

For more, go to EricaMcLean.com.

"What kind of wine do you suggest for a chick who just wants to get laid?"

IRON MAN XXX

VIVID ENTERTAINMENT. STARRING: LEXI BELLE, BROOKLYN LEE, DANA DEARMOND, SKIN DIAMOND, JAZY BERLIN, SHAZIA SAHARI, DALE DABONE, LEXINGTON STEELE & DERRICK PIERCE.

They don't call him Iron Man for nothing! Dana DeArmond is the first hot piece of tail to blow the hero's electrodick after his real one is blown off in a missile strike. Turns out it's good for jamming up Dana's shithole too. (Robert Downey Jr.'s going to be pissed that he had a scheduling conflict when he sees this.) Ms. DeArmond's elastobutt goes above and beyond for America, as usual. But after she croaks and the hero builds his tin-can suit, Skin Diamond and Jazy Berlin make the dude show what he's really made of. Weirdly, he spares Skin's usually willing bootyhole, for which we can see no possible explanation. Next, Lexi Belle gets hypnotized by the villain into swallowing his load before rubbing clits with Brooklyn Lee. All decent cosplay skinema, but save some essence for Shazia Sahari's post-credits bonus scene. The half-Arab beauty gets ably run through by Lexington Steele, the man with the original high-alloy cock. Shazia's a stunner and puts an exceptional climax on a standard spoof. She deserves all the cum she gets (which is a lot). Unless you already have a bionic fuckrod (which we should all have by now, along with jetpacks and robot maids), this movie will make you feel like Iron Man—at least for a few glorious minutes.

—Mark Johnson

LEXI BELLE

LEXI BELLE & BROOKLYN LEE

DANA DEARMOND

SHAZIA
SAHARI

SKIN DIAMOND
& JAZY BERLIN

SAVANNAH FOX & RAVEN BAY

NATASHA MALKOVA & BELLA BENDS

RAVEN BAY & SAVANNAH FOX

ANASTASIA MORNA & BAILEY BLUE

LOLA FOXX, KIERA WINTERS & FELONY

GIRL FIGHTS

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: FELONY. STARRING: SARA LUVV, ASHLI ORION, RAVEN BAY, SAVANNAH FOX, LOLA FOXX, KIERA WINTERS, ANASTASIA MORNA, BAILEY BLUE, NATASHA MALKOVA, BELLA BENDS & FELONY.

There's no sweeter sound than someone yelling "Catfight!" Watching Ronda Rousey break bones with her armbar is fun and all, but it doesn't give you a guaranteed boner. To make up for that, HUSTLER stripped down a ten-pack of titty-twisting, pussy-punching scrappers and let them battle it out for the strap-on. Director Felony dons the zebra stripes, but that's only to make sure the ladies keep it sexy. Adorable Ashli Orion and petite cutie Sarah Luvv are the first girls on the card, and even after Sarah emerges victorious, she goes on pounding Ashli's tight twat into submission. Squeal like a pig, Ashli! The next bout between fiery Savannah Fox and tattooed angel Raven Bay features all the cunt-socking of the first showdown but twice the pussy-licking. It'll get you harder than Antonio Margarito's plastered gloves. Next up: Lola Foxx and Kiera Winters. They don't provide much fight action, but these horny brunettes know how to impress the judges. Bailey Blue might be the sexiest blonde in this coozucopia, and her battle with amazon Anastasia Morna will have you beating your dick like Tyson before he hit the bottle. In the final scrap, acrobatic Bella Bends and naughty Natasha Malkova turn in a muff-on-muff brawl worthy of a main event. Bring home the action-packed *Girl Fights* and never spend a penny on pay-per-view again. Call 800-763-8271 ext. 7675 or visit **HustlerStore.com**.

—Andy Parker

SARA LUVV & ASHLI ORION

THIS AIN'T GAME OF THRONES XXX

Here are the first filthy peeks from the set of HUSTLER's *Game of Thrones* porn parody. Get ready to feast your eyes on debaucherous Daenerys and her treacherous foes in this epic fuckfest. Winter is cumming!

SPENCER SCOTT

EVAN STONE (AS TYRION) & MARIE McCRAY

BRANDI LOVE

SPENCER SCOTT & KIRSTEN PRICE

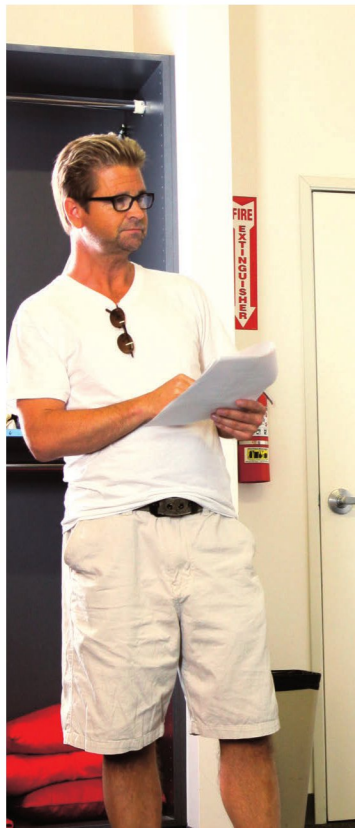
NOT The WIZARD of OZ XXX

HOW TO PORNIFY A CHERISHED HOLIDAY CLASSIC

MADDY nails the part.

MADDY O'REILLY shows off her talent.

Dorothy hopeful TESSA LANE



Wizard of OZ XXX
Audition Instructions
1. Fill out paperwork
2. Take photos (ID shots and nude)
3. Read dialogue or do your own monologue
4. Sing- (if you can) your own song.
God Bless America or song from Wizard of Oz)

BRITNEY AMBER gets ready to take direction.

Director Will Ryder auditions SCARLET STAR.

Little STELLA MARIE welcomes BRANDY ANISTON and ANIKKA ALBRITE to Munchkinland.

Ding Dong! Witch BRANDY ANISTON gets Wicked with Tin Man DICK CHIBBLES

"Lately, Barbara, you've been distant and emotionally unavailable. Thank you."

MISSY MARTINEZ

DOWNTIME

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
LARRY FLYNT PRODUCTIONS

Midday, **Missy** surprises her man at the job site. “I couldn’t wait till tonight,” she tells him. “I kept thinking about your cock, and it drove me crazy.” **Missy** strips off her top. “I think it’s time for you to take a break.”

With the hardhat jackhammering her box, **Missy** notices his crew peeking around a corner. “It’s okay, guys,” she calls out. “You can watch.”

OH, TONY, I REALLY WANT OUR FIRST DATE TO BE MAGICAL!
ME TOO. HOW 'BOUT WE FUCK AND THEN I DISAPPEAR?
J. Billette

BY ERICKA RACHELLE MENDOZA

PHOTOS BY CASPER MUÑOZ PHOTOGRAPHY

BONNIE PARISH

LOCATION: Fresno, California **AGE:** 24 **HEIGHT:** 5-5
PROFILE: @Chynnaface

Eye candy Bonnie Parish might look wild and ready to party with her tattoos, piercings and penchant for junkyard glamour, but she's far from it. The up-and-coming model, who tends bar at night, reckons she's more of a loner than anything else: "If I'm not working, I'm usually spending time with my two Dobermans, taking random solo road trips or crafting something."

But if a cocky dude starts sniffing around, Bonnie just might blossom, especially if he's sporting ink. "Tattoos are always a plus," she raves. "I love a man who takes control and will have his way with me. But if I can tell a guy is nervous, it's always fun to take the reins and blow his mind a little bit." H

WELCOME TO VOYEURS' FAVORITE AMATEUR SHOWCASE SINCE 1976!

BEAVER HUNT

EDITED BY MORGEN "TEX" HAGEN

EVA

"I'd like to ride a dick while carolers are singing outside my bedroom window."

Want another earful of "Jingle Bells" or an eyeful of a "wild, single and free-spirited" vixen from Killeen, Texas? 'Twas a no-brainer. As 22-year-old Eva explains, "I thought your readers would like a gift: finding me in a skimpy Christmas outfit that I couldn't wait to take off. I love being naked and making men lust for me." Meanwhile, the 5-foot-4 stripper unwraps her varied interests: "I like cuddling up with a good book to expand my knowledge, watching *Weeds*, listening to Alicia Keys, Red Hot Chili Peppers and Jimi Hendrix, going to a movie with a guy—I never talk, but I do more than hold hands—and having lots of great sex." Capping her moment to shine, Eva howls, "I'm straight dick, baby!" *—Photos by Ron Neumann*

"I love foreplay! Usually after a man has gotten me off, I'm down for everything!"

LEXI CAMPBELL

"I'm not ashamed of the fact that I love being naked," announces Lexi Campbell, 21, a "creative, helpful, playful and reliable" lingerie model from Portland, Oregon. "Why not share it with everyone else? I've gone skinny-dipping while camping and streaked across a football field, and I can't resist flashing semi drivers. I like to think I'm brightening up their day and putting a smile on their face." So what puts a smile on Lexi's face? "Disney movies, arts and crafts, cooking and sewing," the 5-foot-6 Beaver Stater discloses. As for sowing her wild oats, Lexi relates, "I've always been a little shy in relationships until I get to know a guy really well; then all the fun stuff comes out. Like when my boyfriend had to pick me up from a party because I had been drinking. While we were driving home, I gave him road head, which I had never done to anyone before. The next morning I woke up and asked him if it had really happened. I couldn't tell if it was a dream or reality." We can assert that Lexi Campbell is a real dreamboat. *—Photos by Keith Weldon*

Twitter: @LexiCampbellPDX • Facebook.com/OfficialLexiCampbell

AMY PAGE

"I want to capture my youth in pictures and share my body with the world," professes Amy Page, 26, who packs a lot into a tiny package. "I'm an open-minded, nerdy, articulate, passionate, sometimes silly and free-spirited Southern gal," the 4-foot-11 Lafayette, Louisiana, native elaborates. "I used to be a caterer, but now I'm a legal prostitute at the Moonlite BunnyRanch in Nevada. I love working there because I get to have sex nearly every day with all types of people—even a few celebrities—and I can help many guys who need companionship. I must say I have a thing for multiple partners and older men." Amy also has a thing for painting, video games, researching conspiracy theories online and being the ideal person to watch TV or a movie with. "I'll suck your dick and fuck the shit out of you before it's over," the doggy and reverse-cowgirl enthusiast avows. And how's this for a happy ending? "I love anal sex and butt plugs," Amy marvels. "A little pain adds to the pleasure of it all." *—Photos by Lance Kincaid*

"Something I'm fixing to do is be naked on a Mardi Gras parade float in New Orleans."

Our first Beaver of 2014 now returns as the penultimate amateur model of 2013. That's mystifying, but not this "hardworking waitress" from Gadsden, Alabama. "I'm seductive, kinky and a little bi-curious," admits Odette, 20, who's volunteered for a HUSTLER holiday tradition—donning a Santa cap and little else. Yep, that's far more arousing than Tchaikovsky's *The Nutcracker*. "I did ballet in the past," the 5-foot-2 reading, sketching and baring-her-body buff segues. "Now I pirouette on cocks." Odette is very naughty and nice. *—Photos by Kickback Productions*

BETTY SAGE

It seems that just about everyone can put their paws on this "seductive, daring and very ambitious" denizen of Santa Claus, Georgia. "I'm a bi nymphomaniac," Betty Sage, 26, fesses up. "I can't get enough sex, whether it be with a guy or a girl or by myself. My fave pastimes are sucking cock, getting fucked in the ass, eating pussy, having my clit licked and masturbating while I'm watching porn." So it comes as no surprise that the 5-foot-1 Bassnectar and Grateful Dead fan reveals, "My fave foods are hot dogs, foot-longs, bananas and semen." Betty yearns to be a XXX star, but she feels equally qualified for another job: "I would love to work for Santa. I'm small, full of energy and very crafty. Plus he needs help to make sure all the adult toys work right before he delivers them. I'd be a real naughty elf." *—Photos by Friend*

ARE YOU AN AMATEUR EXHIBITIONIST 18 YEARS OF AGE OR OLDER? If so, our world-famous *Beaver Hunt* and *Real College Girls* showcases want you! Every gal whose image is printed as a monthly selection gets $250 and a chance at posing for a layout worth up to $2,500. All lensmen of models appearing in *Beaver Hunt* or *RCG* are entitled to a one-year subscription to HUSTLER. Fill out the form below and provide requisite documentation. We hope to see you here soon.

EXTRA BUCKS FOR BUSH!

MODEL RELEASE/SUBMISSION FORM

To participate, you must be 18 years of age or older at the time the photographs, transparencies or digital images are taken, and you must fill out and send a signed original (or legible photocopy) of this entire Model Release/Submission Form and a legible COLOR PHOTOCOPY of a valid government-issued driver's license, passport or state ID card (with photo, date of birth and signature), and a legible COLOR PHOTO OF YOU HOLDING THIS COMPLETED MODEL RELEASE/SUBMISSION FORM AND GOVERNMENT-ISSUED IDENTIFICATION DOCUMENT. All submissions must include at least six sharply focused color prints, transparencies or digital images. All submissions become the unreturnable property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC, which buys all rights in perpetuity to the photos you submit. Send photos, identification and this Form with all information and signatures requested to HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Void where prohibited. No purchase necessary. **Open to residents of U.S. and Canada only.**

Please Print

Model's full legal name

Any aliases, nicknames, stage or professional names; maiden name if married

Name to be published | Date images were produced (month/date/year)

Date of birth | Model's Social Security number | Occupation

Telephone (include area code) | Personal e-mail address

Address

Real College Girls applicants: check box below.

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Hobbies/personal interests/sexual fantasies (list on separate sheet of paper)

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I hereby declare that I am the individual depicted in the photographs, transparencies or digital images submitted with this model release and that I was at least eighteen (18) years of age at the time I posed for the photographs, transparencies or digital images submitted herewith. I authorize LFP Publishing Group, LLC to disclose this information as required by law.

Model's legal signature (each individual pictured must provide this release) | Date (month/date/year)

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Note: Payment sent to model only.

"You can dream of higher office…you can dream of the Presidency…
but give up this dream of you getting on top!"

THIS AIN'T GIRLS XXX

PHOTOGRAPHY COURTESY
HUSTLER VIDEO

After months of nonstop emails and tweets, we finally gave in to Lena Dunham (played here by **Alex Chance**) and shot a porn version of her show.

Of course there's a girl-girl (**Alex Chance** and **Adriana Chechik**) in our *Girls*!

The always-willing Shoshanna (Mia Gold) shows what a real friend is for.

HUSTLER rights a grievous wrong in the original series by adding color to the cast (**Florence Dolce**).

Jessa (**Sierra Day**) takes another trip around the world.

This Ain't Girls XXX is available from HUSTLER Video. To order, call (toll-free) 800-763-8271 ext. 7675 or visit **HustlerStore.com**.

KELLY KNOCKED-UP KNOCKOUT

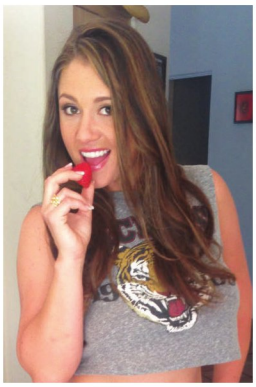
HUSTLER CLASSIC NOVEMBER 1994
PHOTOGRAPHY BY CLIVE McLEAN

My skin feels every touch as if it were magnified a hundred times!" glows eight-months-pregnant **Kelly**, smoothing her hand across her tummy. "My pussy's extra tight, and my lips have never seemed so soft!"

Anticipating the ultimate act of womanhood, **Kelly** says she feels like an adolescent again. "I can't stop playing with my breasts!" she laughs, cradling her milk-heavy jugs.

Clearly it's not the woman in a man's life that matters; it's the life in his woman.

COMING SOON

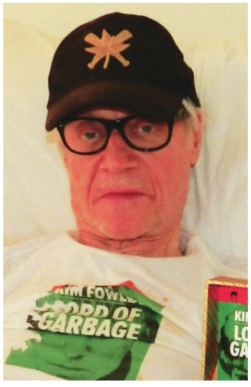


VICTORIA JAMES BUSTS OUT

Exclusive! This free-spirited high-school teacher got booted for her hot swimsuit shots. Now she's getting sweet revenge: a fully nude layout in HUSTLER!

MARGARET CHO'S DIRTY SECRETS

Gung-ho bed-hopper and star of *Drop Dead Diva* unloads the lowdown on keeping lovers of all sexes wet and willing. But why won't people stop peeing on her?



KIM FOWLEY'S DEATHBED RANT

Exclusive! The rock legend behind The Runaways has nothing left to lose. In an insane, profane interview he riffs on everything from fucking burn victims to being a "clever, cunning prick."

STOYA'S SUBWAY DARE

Gonzo public-nudity specialist Nate "Igor" Smith captures the impulsive porn goddess launching some late-night acrobatics in the bowels of NYC. Get your tokens ready.

CONNIE CARTER